By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD,

CHAPTER VI.

The Sunday party separated at Paddington on the night of the Nuneham expedition, and Wallace and Eustace Kendal walked eastward together. The journey home had been very quiet. Miss Bretherton had been forced to declare herself "extremely tired," and Mrs. Stuart's anxiety and sense of responsibility about her had communicated themselves to the rest of the party.

"It is the effect of my long day yesterday," she said apologetically to Forbes, who hovered about her with those affectionate attentions which a man on the verge of old age pays with freedom to a young girl. "It won't do to let the public see so much of me in future. But I don't want to spoil our Sunday. Talk to me and I shall forget it."

Wallace, who had had his eyes about him when she and Eustace Kendal emerged from the wood in view of the rest of the party, was restless and ill at ease, but there was no getting any information, even by gesture, from Kendal, who sat in his corner diligently watching the moonlight on the flying fields, or making every now and then some disjointed attempts at conversation with

was waiting; the party of gentlemen saw her home, into it; the pale, smiling face bent forward; she waved her hand in response to the lifted hats and she was gone.

"Well," said Wal ace, with a world of inquiry in his voice, as he and Kendal turned

Kendal abruptly. "I never did a thing worse, I think, or spent a more painful half Wallace's face fell. "I wish I hadn't bored

claimed. "It was too bad!" Kendal was inclined to agree inwardly, for he was in a state of irritable reaction; but he had the justice to add aloud: "It was I who was the fool to undertake it. And I think, indeed, it could have been done, but that cir-"She is deeply offended, then?"

tempt' that you and I feel for her!" most, unjustly persuaded that his friend had bungled the matter horribly.

"Yes," said Kendal deliberately; "'con-Elvira.' So the play is safe."

"I don't think I would, if I were you," said

makes it all the worse. However, you've a her on a footing of antagonism. right to know what happened, so I'll tell you He gave an abridged account of the conthough by no means less uncomfortawere nearing Vigo street, the point at which

their routes diverged, Wallace having rooms as much as possible. She will probably speak what you like, but I'm pretty sure she won't

"There's small consolation in that!" ex-

low," said Kendal, as though determined to the intellectual side than had as yet set in. strike a lighter key. "Don't be so dismal, things will look differently to-morrow morn-smile of self-scorn and muttered: "I should ing-they generally do-there's no tremend- like to know how much she remembers by ous harm done. I'm sorry I didn't do your the time of the prig who lectured to her in bidding better. Honestly, when I come to Nuneham woods a week ago!" In the eventhink over it, I don't see now I could have ing his Pall Mall Gazette told him that Miss done otherwise. But I don't expect you Bretherton had crossed the channel that Wallace laughed, protested and they

turn, after a day spent in society, to these silent and faithful companions of his life. Surrey, refuse all invitations to country He was accustomed to feel the atmosphere of his room when he came back to it charged with welcome. It was as though the thoughts and schemes he had left warm and safe in shelter there started to life to meet him. His books smiled at him with friendly faces, the open page called to him to resume the work of the morninghe was in every sense at home. To-night, if he still felt on his arm the folds of a green, fur edged cloak, as if the touch of a soft, cold hand were still lingering in his, Preafternoon scene-the arching beech trees, the hair under her hat. What superb, unapproachable beauty it was! How hving, how rich in content and expression!

"Am I in love with Isabel Brethertonf" he asked himself at last, lying back on his chair with his eyes on the portrait of his sister. ably quite right, she said, in thinking the "Perhaps Marie could tell me-I don't understand myself. I don't think so. And if I were, I am not a youngster, and my life is a tolerably full one. I could hold myself in and trample it down if it were best to do so. I can hardly imagine myself absorbed in a great passion. My bachelor life is a good many years old-my habits won't break up easily. And, supposing I felt the beginnings of it, I could stop it if reason were against it." He left his chair and began to pace up and down the room, thinking. "And there is absolutely no sort of reason in my letting myself fall in love with Isabel Bretherton! She has never given me the smallest right to think that she takes any more interest in me than she does in hundreds of people whom she meets on friendly terms, unless it may be an intellectual interest, as Wallace imagines, and that's a poor sort of stepping stone to love! And if it were ever possible that she should, this afternoon has taken away the possibility. For, however magnanimous a woman may be, a thing like that rankies; it can't help it. She will feel the sting of it worse to-morrow than today, and though she will tell herself that she bears no grudge, it will leave a gulf between us. For, of course, she must go on acting, and whatever depressions she may have, she must believe in herself; no one can go on working without it, and I shall always recall to her something

harsh and humiliating! "Supposing, by any chance, it were not so -supposing I were able to gather up my relation with her again and make it a really friendly one I should take, I think, a very definite line; I should make up my mind to be of use to her. After all, it is true what she says-there are many things in me that might be helpful to her, and everything there was she should have the benefit of

would make a serious purpose of it. She should find me a friend worth having. His thoughts wandered on a while in this direction. It was pleasant to see himself in the future as Miss Bretherton's philosopher

said to himself resolutely at last, "and I may as well go to bed and put her out of my mind. The chance is over-gone-done with, if it ever existed."

breakfast, he saw among his letters a handwriting which startled him. Where had he seen it before! In Wallace's hand three days AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE." ago! He opened it and found the following

> My Dear Mr. Kespal-You k . w. I think, that I am off next week-oa Monday, if all goes well. We go to Switzerland for a while, and then to Venice, which people tell me is often very pleasant in August. We shall be there by the lat of August, and Mr. Wallace tells me he hears from you that your sister, Madame de Chateauvenz, will be there about the same time. I forgot to ask you resterday, but if you think she would not object

to it, would you give me a little note introducing me to her? All that I have heard of her makes me very anxious to know her, and she would not find me a troublesome person! We shall hardly, I suppose, meet again before I start. If not. please remember that my friends can always find me on Sunday afternoon. Yours very truly,

Kend: I's hand closed tightly over the note. Then he put it carefully back into its envelope, and walked away with his hands behind him and the note in them, to stare out of window at the red roofs opposite.

"That is like her," he murmured to himself I wound and hurt her; she guesses I shall suffer for it, and, by way of setting up the word, she asks me to do her a kindness! could anything be more delicate, more gra-

Kendal never had greater difficulty in fixbut, given this limitation, how much cordipaper be made to carry with due regard to possible to dissent. decorum and grammar!

When he next met Wallace, that hopeful, you with my confounded affairs," he exthings he had prepared.

cumstances, which neither you nor I had seriously opened," he said, "so I followed of a fresh pin point. She had asked for him, weighed sufficiently, were against it. She is your advice and let it alone, and since then and he had not been there! What must she in a nervous, shaken state, mentally and she has been charming both to Agnes and think, apparently, but that, from a sour, physically, and before I had had time to dis- me. I feel myself as much of a brute as cuss the point at all she had carried it on to ever, but I see that the only thing I can do is witness of her triumph! the personal ground, and the thing was up." to hold my tongue about it." To which Kendal heartily agreed.

gave a prominent place to reports of Miss | Sunday league on its first expedition. The Bretberton's farewell performance. It had Surrey country was in its full glory; the first "Good heavens!" cried Wallace, feeling been a great social event. Half the distin- purple heather was fully out and the distant guished people in London were present, led hills rose blue and vaporous across stretches by royalty. London, in fact, could hardly of vivid crimson, broken here and there by bear to part with its favorite, and compli- the dim gray greens of the furze or the tempt, that was it. I don't know how it ments, flowers and farewells showered upon sharper color of the bracken. The chorus came about. All I know is, that what I said, her Kendal, who had not meant to go at of birds had died away, but the nests were which seemed to me very harmless, was like | the time when tickets were to be had, tried | not yet tenantless. The great sand pit near the a match to a mine. But she told me to tell about the middle of the week after the Ox- farm house was still vocal with innumerable you that she made no further claim on ford Sunday to get a seat, but found it utterly impossible. He might have managed "D-the play!" cried Wallace vigorously, it by applying to her through Edward Wal- birds. And under Kendal's sitting room a sentiment to which perhaps Kendal's silence lace, but that he was unwilling to do for window a pair of tomtits, which the party gave consent. "But I cannot let it rest various reasons. He told himself that, after had watched that May Sunday, were just all, it was better to let her little note and his launching their young family on the world. answer close his relations with her for the | One of his first walks was to that spot beyond Kendal. "I should let it alone. She looks present. Everywhere else but in the theatre | the pond where they had made their afterupon the matter as finished. She told me she might still regard him as her friend; but noon camping ground. The nut hatches had particularly to tell you that she was not there they could not but be antagonistic in vexed, and you may be quite sure that she some degree one to another, and not even infor the hand of the spoiler had been near isn't, in any vulgar sense. Perhaps that tellectually did Kendal wish just now to meet their dwelling, and its fragments lay scat-

So, when Saturday night came, he passed the hours of Miss Bretherton's triumph at a of the bird's tapping beak among the woods ministerial evening party, where it seemed versation, which made matters a little clearer, to him that the air was full of her name, and that half the guests were there as a pis-aller, because the Callione could not receive them. a condition which called for all his energies, And yet he thought he noticed in the com- and he threw himself vigorously into it. The mon talk about her that criticism of her as | first weeks were taken up with a long review in the Albany, and Kendal hailed a hansom. an actress was a good deal more general than of Victor Hugo's prose and poetry, with a "If I were you," he said, as it came up, "I it had been at the beginning of the season. should, as I said before, let the thing alone The little knot of persons with an opinion and reasons for it had gradually influenced to you about it, and you will, of course, say the larger public. Nevertheless there was no abatement whatever of the popular desire to take up the play again, and if she feels a see her, whether on the stage or in society. coolness towards anybody it won't be toward The engouement for her personally, for her beauty, and her fresh, pure womanliness, showed no signs of yielding, and would hold out. Kendal thought, for some time, against a much stronger current of depreciation on

He laid down the Monday paper with a morning, en route for Paris and Venice. He fell to calculating the weeks which must elapse before his sister would be in Venice, A few moments later Kendal let himself and before he could hear of any meeting beinto his rooms, where lights were burning, tween her and the Bretherton party, and and threw himself into his reading chair, be- wound up, his calculations by deciding that side which his books and papers stood ready London was already hothand would soon be to his hand, Generally nothing gave him a empty, and that, as soon as he could gather greater sense of bien-etre than this nightly re- together certain books he was in want, of, he would carry them and his proofs down into

Before he left he paid a farewell call to Mrs. Stuart, who gave him full and enthusiastic accounts of Isabel Bretherton's last night, and informed him that her brother again after a day's torpor, and thronged talked of following the Brethertons to Venice some time in August.

houses, and devote himself to his work.

"Albert," she said, speaking of her husband, "declares that he cannot get away for more than three weeks, and that he must however, the familiar spell seemed to have have some walking; so that what we propose lost its force. After a hasty supper he took at present is to pick up Edward at Venice at up some proofs, pen in hand. But the first the end of August, and move up altogether page was hardly turned before they had into the mountains afterward. Oh, Mr. Kendropped on to his knee. It seemed to him as dal," she went on, a little nervously, as if not quite knowing whether to attack the subject or rat, "It was devoted of you to throw yourself into the breach for Edward as you sently he fell to recalling every detail of the did at Oxford. I am afraid it must have rich red and brown of the earth beneath, her. When Edward told me of it next mornshe came to call on me that very afternoonhow she made time I don't know, but she did. Naturally, I was very uncomfortable, but she began to talk of it in the calmest way while we were having tea. 'Mr. Kendal was probpart unsuited to me. Anyhow, I asked him for his opinion, and I should be a poor creature to mind his giving it.' And then she laughed and said that I must ask Edward to keep his eyes open for anything that would do better for her in the autumn. And since. then she has behaved as if she had forgotten all about it. I never knew any one with less

smallness about her." "No; she is a fine creature," said Kendal almost mechanically. How little Mrs. Stuart knew-or, rather, how entirely remote she was from feeling-what had happened! It seemed to him that the emotion of that scene was still thrilling through all his pulses, yet to what ordinary little proportions had it been reduced in Mrs. Stuart's mind! He alone had seen the veil lifted, had come close to the Isabella bretherten could feel so, kour i look so, was known only to ham-the thought had

am in it, but the keenest pleasure also. Do you know," said Mrs. Studt presently, with a tone of reproach in her voice, that she asked for you on the last night?

Yes. We had just gone on the stage to of her after the curtain had fallen. It was ach a prerty sight, you ought not to have missed it. The printe had come to say goodby to her, and, as we came hi, she was ju t turning away in her long phantom dress with the white hood falling round her head, like that Romney picture-don't you remember -of Lady Hamilton-Mr. Forbes has drawn her in it two or three hime. The stage was full of people. Mr. Forbes was there, of course, and Ldward, and ourselves and presently I heard her say to Edward, 'Is Mr. Kendal here! I did not see him in the house.' Edward said something about your not having been able to get a seat, which I thought clumsy of him for of course, we could have got some sort of a place for you at the last moment. She didn't say anything, but I thought-if you won't my blundering!" and friend, but in the end the sense of reality sidering all things, it would have been better agining that this was all? It is difficult to Venice is of a very naive hat gained upon his dreams. "I am a fool," he "if you had been there."



"It seems to me," said Kendal, with vexation in his voice, "that there is a fate against my doing anything as I ought to do it. I thought, on the whole, it would be better not to make a fuss about it when it came to the friendly bond again, next day, without last. You see she must look upon me to some extent as a critical, if not a hostile, influence, and I did not wish to remind her of

"Oh, well, said Mrs. Stuart, in her cheery ing his thoughts to his work than that morn | common sense way, "that evening was such ing, and at last, in despair, he pushed his book an overwhelming experience that I don't aside, and wrote an answer to Miss Breth- suppose she could have felt any soreness toerton, and, when that was accomplished a wards anybody. And, do you know, she is long letter to his sister. The first took nim improved? I don't quite know what it is, longer than its brevity seemed to justify. It but certainly one or two cf those long scenes contained no reference to anything but her she does more intelligently, and even the request. He felt a compulsion upon him to death scene is better-less monotonous. treat the situation exactly as she had don, sometimes think she will surprise us all yet." "Very likely," said Kendal, absently, not ality and respect could two sides of letter in reality believing a word it, but it was im-

'I hope so," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart, "with all my heart. She has been very depressed bright tempered person had entirely recov- often these last weeks, and certainly, on the ered his cheerfulness. Miss Bretherton, he whole, people have been harder upon ber reported, had attacked the subject of Elvira than they were at first. I am so glad that with him, but so lightly that he had no op- she and your sister will meet in Venice. portunity for saying any of the skillful Mme. de Chateauvieux is just the friend she

Kenda walked home feeling the rankling morose consistency, he had refused to be a

A week later Eustace was settled in the "Not at all, in the ordinary sense; she is A few days afterwards the newspapers Surrey farm house which had sheltered the broods of sand martins, still enlivened by the constant skimming to and fro of the parent fled-fled, Kendal hoped, some time before, tered on the ground. He presently learned to notice that he never heard the sharp sound

without a little start of recollection. Outside his walks, his days were spent in continuous literary effort. His book was in view to a final critical result. It seemed to him that there was stuff in the great Frenchman to suit all weathers and all skies. There were somber, wind swept days when the stretches of brown ling not yet in flower, the hurrying clouds and the bending trees were in harmony with all the fierce tempestuous side of the great romantic. There were others when the homely, tender, domestic aspect of the country formed a sort of framework and accompaniment to the simpler patriarchal elements in the books which Kendal had about him. Then, when the pages on Victor Hugo were written, those already printed on Chateaubriand began to dissatisfy him, and he steeped himself once more in the rolling artificial barmonies, the mingled

beauty and falsity of one of the most wonderful of styles, that he might draw from it its secrets and say a last just word about it. He knew a few families in the neighborhood, but he kept away from them, and almost his only connection with the outer world during his first month in the country his correspondence with Mme. de Chateauvieux, who was at Etretat with her husband. She wrote her bother very lively characteristic accounts of the life there, filling her letters with amusing sketches of the political or artistic celebrities with whom the little Norman town swarms in the season.

After the third or fourth letter, however, Kendal began to look restlessly at the Etretat postmark, to reflect that Marie had been there a long time, and to wonder she was not already tired of such a public sort of existence as the Etretat life. The bathing scenes, and the fire eating, deputy, and the literary woman with a mission for the spread of naturalism, became very flat to him. He was astonished that his sister was not as

anxious to start for Italy as he was to hear that she had done so. This temper of his was connected with the fact that after the first of August he began to develop a curious impatience on the subject of the daily post. At Old House farm the post was taken as leisurely as everything else; there was no regular delivery, and Kendal generally was content to trust to the casual mercies of the butcher or baker for his tinged with the winter sheddings of the trees, the little raised bank, her eyes as she looked the little raised bank, her eyes as she looked up my mind that our friendship—yours and with an abonimable irregularity, and that it the hearty is to come and see me to-morrow. up at him, the soft wisps of her golden brown ours-with her was over. But do you know with an abominable irregularity, and that it the beauty is to come and see me to-morrow would do his work no harm, but, on the con- if, after Caterina has operated upon us durtrary, much good, if he took a daily constitutional in the direction of the postoffice, which night and good-by." gave a touch of official dignity to the wasp filled precincts of a grocer's shop in the vil-

lage, some two miles off. For some considerable number of days, den which separates one-half of our rooms however, his walks only furnished him with from the other, while Caterina was arrangfood for reflection on the common disproportion of means to ends in this life. His sister's in the center of it. Suddenly Felicie came persistence in sticking to the soil of France out from the house, and behind her a tall figbegan to seem to him extraordinary! However, at last the monotony of the Etretat postmarks was broken by a post card from Lyons. "We are here for the night on some business of Paul's; to-morrow we hope to be at Turin, and two or three days later at Venice. By the way, where will the Brethertons be! I must trust to my native wits, I suppose, when I get there. She is not the sort of light to be hidden under a bushel." This post card disturbed Kendal not a little, and he felt irritably that somebody

had mismanaged matters. He had supposed, and indeed suggested, that Miss Bretherton should inclose his note in one of her own to his sister's Paris address, giving, at the same time, some indication of a place of meeting once has not set her down as a reputation in Venice. But if she had not done this, it was very possible that the two women might miss each other after all. Sometimes, when he had been contemplating this possibility with disgust, he would, with a great effort, make himself reflect why it was that he cared about the matter so disproportionately. Why was he so deeply interested in Isabel Bretherton's movements abroad and in the meeting which would bring her, so to speak, once more into his own world! Why! because it was impossible, he would answer himself indignantly, not to feel a profound interest in any woman who had ever shared as much emotion with you as she had with him in those mements at Nuneham, who had received a wound at your hands, had winced under it and still had remained gracious and kind and womanly! "I should be a hard hearted brute," he said to himself, "if I did

ship should abundantly make up to her for

and trained in all the subtleties of thought, does not deal with an invading sentiment exactly as a youth would do with all his experience to come. It steals upon him more slowly, he is capable of disguising it to himself longer, of escaping from it into other interests. Passion is in its ultimate essence the same, wherever it appears and under whatever conditions, but it possesses itself of human life in different ways. Slowly and certainly the old primeval fire, the commonest, fatalest, divinest force of life, was making its way into Kendal's nature. But it was making its way against antagonistic forces of habit, tradition, self restraint—it found a handred other interests in possession; it had a strange impersonality and timidity of nature to fight with. Kendal had been ac-

he only just beginning to live his own! But, however it was, he was at least conscious during this waiting time that life was full of some hidden savor; that his thoughts were never idle, never vacant; that, as he lay dat among the fern in his moments of rest, following the march of the clouds as they sailed divinely over the rich breadth and garizes it. Altogether, when I compare my color of the commons, a whole brood of images nestled at his heart, or seemed to hover in the sunny air before him-visions of a slender form fashioned with Greek suppleness and majesty, of a soft and radiant presence, of looks all womanliness, and gestures all grace, of a smile like no other he had ever seen for charm, of a quick, impulsive gait! He followed that figure through scene after scene; he saw primroses in its hand, and the pale spring blue above it; he recalled it standing tense and still with blanched cheek and fixed appealing eye, while all round the June woods murmured in the breeze; he surrounded it in imagination with the pomp and circumstance of the stage, and realized it as a center of emotion to thousands. And then from memories he would pass on to speculations, from the scenes he knew to those he could only guess at, from the life of which he had seen a little to the larger and unex-

customed to live in other men's lives. Was

plored life beyond. And so the days went an, and though he was impatient and restless, yet indoors his work was congenial to him, and out of doors the sun was bright and all the while a certain little god lay hidden, speaking no articulate word, but waiting with a mischievous patience for the final overthrow of one more At last the old postmistress, whom he had

almost come to regard as cherishing a personal grudge against him, ceased to repulse him, and after his seven years of famine the years of abundance set in. For the space of for him almost every alternate morning, and the heathery slopes between the farm and the of nature as hers, I am amazed at what she village grew familiar with the spectacle of a has done! For, after all, you know, she must tall, thin man in a rough tweed suit strugbe able to act to some extent; she must know gling as he walked with sheets of foreign paper a great deal more of her business than you which the wind was doing its best to filch and I suspect, or she could not get on at all."

The following extracts from these letters contain such portions of them as are necessary to our object:

"CASA MINGHETTI. "MY DEAR EUSTACE-I can only write you a very scrappy letter today, for we are just settling into our apartment, and the rooms are strewn in the most distracting way with boxes, books and garments; while my maid. Felicie, and the old Italian woman Caterina, who is to cook and manage for us, seem to be able to do nothing not even to put, a chair AMZI DODD, - - President practice by a system of business transactions able to do nothing-not even to put a chair straight or order some bread to keep us from starving-without consulting me. Paul, taking advantage of a husband's prerogative, has gone off to flaner on the piazza, while his women folk make life tolerable at home: which is a very unfair and spiteful version of his proceedings, for he has really gone as much on my business as on his own. I sent him-feeling his look of misery, as he sat on a packing case in the middle of this chaos. terribly on my mind-to see if he could find the English consul (whom he knows a little), and discover from him, if possible, where your friends are. It is strange, as you say, that Miss Bretherton should not have written to me; but I incline to put it down to our old Jacques at home, who is getting more and more imbecile with the weight of years and infirmition, and is quite capable of forwarding to us all the letters which are not worth posting, and leaving all the important ones piled up in the hall to await our return. It is provoking, for, if the Bretherton party are not going to stay long in Venice, we may easily spend all our time in looking for each other; which will, indeed, be a lame and impotent conclusion. However, I have hopes of Paul's cleverness.

"And now, 4 o'clock! There is no help for it, my dear Eustace. I must go and instruct Caterina how not to poison us in our dinner to-night. She looks a dear old soul, but totally innocent of anything but Italian barbarities in the way of cooking. And Felicie also is well meaning but ignorant, so unless I wish to have Paul on my hands for a week I must be off. This rough picnicking life, in Venice, of all places, is a curious little experience, but I made up my mind last time we were here that we would venture our precious selves in no more hotels. The heat, the musquitoes, the horrors of the food were too much. Here we have a garden, a kitchen, a cool sitting room, and if I choose to feed Paul on lisane and milk puddings, who is to prevent me?

"Paul had just come in with victory

written on his brow. The English consul was of no use; but, as he was strolling home, he went into St. Mark's, and there, of course, ound them! In the church were apparently al the English people who have as yet ventured to Venice, and these, or most of them. seemed to be following in the wake of a little party of four persons-two ladies, a gentleman and a lame girl walking with a crutch. An excited English tourist condescended to inform Paul that it was 'the great English actress, Miss Bretherton,' who was creating all the commotion. Then, of course, he went up to her-he was provoked that he could plexities. Of course, she had written. I expected as much. Jacques must certainly be pensioned off! Paul thought the other three very inferior to her, though the uncle was civil and talked condescendingly of Venice, ing two meals, we are still alive. Good

"Well, I have seen her! It has been a blazing day. I was sitting in the little garing the dejeuner under the little acacia arbor ure in a large hat and a white dress. The figure held out both hands to me in a cordial, un-English way, and said a number of pleasant things rapidly in a delicious voice, while I, with the dazzle of the sun in my eyes, so that I could hardly make out the features, stood feeling a little thrilled by the advent of so famous a person. In a few moments, however, as it seemed to me, we were sitting under the acacias, she was belping me to cut up the melon and arrange the figs, as if we had known one another for months, and I was experiencing one of those sudden rushes of liking which, as you know, are a weakness of mine. She stayed and took her meal with us. Paul, of course, was fascinated, and for

surfaite. "Her beauty has a curious air of the place; and now I remember that her mother was Italian-Venetian, actually, was it not! That accounts for it; she is the Venetian type spiritualized. At the foundation of ber face, as were, lies the face of the Burano lace maker; only the original type has been so refined, so chiseled and smoothed away, that, to speak fancifully, only a beautiful ghost of it remains. That large stateliness of her movement, too, is Italian. You may see it in any Venetian street, and Veronese has fixed it in art."

While we were sitting in the garden who should be announced but Edward Wallace, I knew, of course, from you that he might be here about this time, but in the burry of our settling in I had quite forgotten his existence, so that the sight of his trim person not feel a very deep and peculiar interest in bearing down upon us was a surprise. He her-if I did not desire that Marie's friend- and the Bretherton party, however, had been going about together for several days, so that he and she had plenty of gossip in commind my saying so, Mr. Kendal-that, con- Did he ever really deceive himself into im- mon. Mrs. Bretherton's enthusiasm about say. The mind of a man no longer young, kind. It seems to m

ceptible creature. She lives her life fast and crowds into it a greater number of sensations than most people. All this zest and pleasure must consume a vast amount of nervous force, but it makes her very refreshing to people as blase as Paul and I are. My first feeling about her is very much what yours was. Personally, there seems to be all the stuff in her of which an actress is made. Will she some day stumble upon the discovery of how to bring her own individual flame and force to bear upon her art! I should think it not unlikely, and, altogether, I feel as though I should take a more hopeful view of her intellectually than you do. You see, my dear Eustace, you men never realize how clever we women are, how fast we learn and how quickly we catch up hints from all quarters under heaven and improve upon them. An actress so young and so sympathetic as Isabel Bretherton must still be very much of an unknown quantity dramatically. I know you think that the want of training is fatal, and that popularity will stereotype her faults. It may be so; but I am inclined to

first impressions of her with the image of her left by your letters, I feel that I have been pleasantly surprised. Only in the matter of intelligence. Otherwise it has, of course, been your descriptions of her that have planted and nurtured in me that strong sense of attraction which blossomed into liking at the moment of personal contact." "This afternoon we have been out in the

gondola belonging to this modest establishment, with our magnificent gondolier, Piero, and his boy, to convey us to the Lido. I got Miss Bretherton to talk to me about her Jamaica career. She made us all laugh with her accounts of the blood and thunder pieces in which the audiences of the Kingston theatre reveled. She seems generally to have played the Bandit's Daughter, the Smuggler's Wife, or The European Damsel Carried Off by Indians,' or some other thrilling elemental personage of the kind. The 'White Lady' was, apparently, her first introduction to a more complicated order of play. It is extraordinary, when one comes to think of for College or Business. Special arrangeit, how little positive dramatic knowledge she must have! She knows some Shakespeare. I think-at least she mentions two or three plays-and I gather from something she said that she is now making the inevita- | is advisable. For Catalogue and informable study of Juliet that every actress makes tion acdress or call on sooner or later; but Sueridan, Goldsmith, and, of course, all the French people are mere names to her. When I think of the three weeks letters from Venice lay waiting minute exhaustive training our Paris actors go through and compare it with such a state

think, from my first sight of her, that she is

a nature that will gather from life rather

what stimulates it than what dulls and vul-

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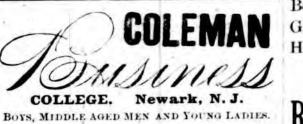
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